

Dress Rehearsal

The Story of Dieppe

By Quentin Reynolds

Continues from Page One

hospital. This, to someone like any other man who likes an occasional whiff with the wheel seemed to be sacrilege.

"Ever been to Dieppe?" young Boyle asked curiously.

"Two weeks ago," I told him nonchalantly, and his eyes popped out.

"How was that?" he asked.

"With the night fighters. I flew with them one night and we went over Dieppe."

"You actually flew in combat with them?" the kid was really excited. "I've often wanted to do that. Tell me about it."

"Nothing happening," I said ruefully. But I told him about it anyway. It is a night I won't forget for a long time. I was flying without being dangerous.

The quiet sound of the wing half speed crept into the ground. I told him all about it and although the story of it hardly figures in the actual raid it might be worth repeating here.

For nearly a year I'd been after a trip with the night fighters and finally the Air Ministry had arranged it. I was to proceed to an airfield in Kent where two crack squadrons of "intruders" were stationed. An "intruder" is an offensive night fighter. He goes looking for trouble. This group used the two-motored Douglas Boston which our army calls the A-20A. It is a beautiful aircraft, perfectly fitted for this difficult job as bomber-lighter. "Intruders" flew high over France and Holland, looking for enemy airports. When they locate one they hover over it, waiting for German bombers to return from sorties over Britain. Then they strike the bombers head. They use a neat trick which sometimes works. They try to figure out what color landing lights the Germans are using on the particular night and they show these lights. If they guess right (the Germans change the color slightly) they are all right. If they guess wrong they get a dose of flak and lots of attention from German fighter aircraft. Sometimes they don't bother showing lights. They dive down and break up the airfield—to use the R.A.F. phrase. They carry light bombs and plenty of machine guns and cannon. It is dangerous but exhilarating work, and the pilots are all specially trained for the job. This airfield was a particularly fine one and the staff a great bunch. They were a bit out of nature than the usual R.A.F. squadron; their average age was about twenty-four. Their quarters were about a mile from the airfield—a lovely old red-brick house which had been a school. When I arrived, the young Commanding Officer showed me my room.

VERY HOSPITABLE

"We are very hospitable here," he said gravely. "As you can see by the sign, we want to make our guests happy."

I looked at a white card tacked under the bell. The card read, "If you want a mistress during the night, ring twice." This was an act of startling hospitality I had never offered at any other R.A.F. station before. But the C.O. laughingly explained that this had been a girl's school and in pedagogical language "mistress" meant teacher. They had never bothered to remove the signs in the bedrooms; in fact, they were very proud of them.

When night came we drove to the airport where I was fitted with bulky flying clothes and a parachute. My pilot was Squadron Leader Farquhar-Smith, and he had laughing eyes and a long handlebar mustache of which he was very proud.

"Longest mustache in the R.A.F.," he boasted. His ribbons showed that his preoccupation with hostile civilities did not hamper his ability as a flyer. He was twenty-five and he had both the D.S.O. and D.F.C. So far he had gotten fifteen German planes and in addition had beaten up innumerable airports. Just as shadows began to engulf the field we walked to the aircraft and he explained about the parachute and the rubber dinghy.

SIT IN THE NOSE

"You are to sit in the nose," he said. "You can see everything from there. Now, in case you have to bail out—that I expect you'll have to—there are a lot of things to remember. First you slide back and graze on the floor of the fuselage. Then you drop through it. Of course course that opening was probably made for Shirley Temple, and I doubt if you'll be able to make it. I'm just giving you the form. After you drop out, reach your right hand for this handle and pull it. Not too hard or you'll pull the bloody thing off and your chute won't open. When you land in the water, grab this handle with your right and pull that. There is your rubber dinghy. Unbuckle the harness of your parachute. Get rid of it as soon as possible, because the whole thing is pretty heavy and is apt to pull you down. Then get out of your heavy flying clothes. And wait. Just wait a few days and maybe you'll be picked up."

I climbed into the nose with great difficulty. The whole thing fitted a bit snugly around the hips. I put my feet on the pedals and pulled the handle. The helmet was fitted and the metal disk which hid my mouth and pilot's helmet was in place. I was now ready. I was warmed up by the motors. It was hot here in the nose and the heavy parachute harness was confining. I knew I had never before been forced to jump so low, and, if I did, I'd never be.

"Those pretty lights are very nasty flak, and they must bring us down. I don't mind you getting killed, but I have orders not to let you get captured. They might not treat you nicely."

ALONE AGAIN

We swung around and when the plane banked, I was alone again with a plate of glass between me and the water a thousand feet below and there is no more lonely feeling. We swung north again over the Channel, and it was calm and quiet, and the fireworks over Boulogne were in back of us and a thought came into my glass-enclosed chamber, and the thought was "The pilot and that rear gunner holding his gun button tensely do this every night, and it's busily done with them, and every night some of their pals get killed doing this, and they must feel a bit resentful merely acting as pilot and protector to a reporter just here for the ride."

"That's Dieppe to the left," the pilot called through his speaker, for so a London guide would say. "And on our left we have the Houses of Parliament, and you'll notice that the famous roof built by William Rufus in 1200 is no longer there. It was destroyed by fire May 10, 1941, and here, on the right..."

"Dear sir," I repeated. I always

"Well take a flip over the Channel," he said. "You can talk to me any time you wish. Hold your hat, kids, here we come."

We rushed down the black concrete runway. The nose lowered and for a nerve-wrecking split second I thought the nose was going to drop to the ground, but that was only because here in front of the motor, virtually in front and ahead of the airplane, I was getting a different perspective than I'd ever had before. And then we were in the air. He rose sharply, circled once and headed for the Channel only a few miles away.

The moon high over the Channel was an orange ball, occasionally veiled by swirling white clouds. We were flying low and could see that the Channel tonight had a smooth, placid surface. In the glass-enclosed nose, sitting above the pilot, I saw the rear gunner come through the glass, muffled and dimmed, no louder than the drumming of a fly. You feel much alone up there in front, with the night on either side of you, with the sky above and the water below. I hoped, too, that the glass was as strong as the pilot said it was.

"It's so strong you can't even kick a hole in it," he had told me cheerfully before we started on this night flight. The fast Boston A-20A hurried toward France and enemy territory. This was one of the leveled aircraft never to be born on the blueprints of an American factory. Laden as it was with machine guns and with plenty of ammunition for our guns, the speed indicator in front of me showed 200 miles an hour. We had 1200 hours pulling us; each motor was 1800 horsepower, and both were sipping sweetly.

The clouds left the moon alone for a moment, and about 1000 feet I saw this pencil line on the horizon. It grew, and then the jagged cliffs of the French coast appeared in the yellow moonlight. We slowed low because if you are low enough the curvature of the earth prevents radio location. Even the fine ears of the German radio detectors couldn't pick us up when we were flying "nearly high" as the pilots call it. I climbed a bit now and swung along and over the coast. There was nothing real about this. No light showed in the miniature towns below. This pilot knew the danger spots, and he was apparently avoiding them, for no streaks of red flak came up at us. Then we saw this winding strip of quicksilver and the pilot called cheerfully. "That's the Somme!" he was flying over lands of rather bitter memory. In late June, 1940, I was sitting in the Ritz bar in Paris listening to nitwits who kept saying complacently, "Is nauront pas Paris. Is ne pasvront pas le Somme." We heard it all over Paris in those days. We heard it from everyone except General Horace Fuller, then military attaché at the American Embassy, the most brilliant military strategist I have ever met in half a dozen warring countries. But we never believed Fuller. The French had stopped the Germans once in another war at the Somme. Now? "Walter, another period—they'll never take Paris. They'll never cross the Somme."

"GUESSED ONCE

When we foreign correspondents stop being reporters and become prophets, we often become as ridiculous as radio commentators and newspaper columnists in America who so blithely explain away the defeat of British and American arms from the distance of 5000 miles. We don't do it often, but there are men in London like Raymond Daniel of the New York Times, Bill Stummman of the Chicago Daily News, or Ed Beattie of the United Press whose records since the war began have shown that they have dealt only in fact, and never in fancy, and, therefore, have never had the humiliating experience of having their guesses come home to roost. But unlike them, I guessed once and I believed the cry of the Paris Pariahs—"Is nauront pas Paris. Is ne pasvront pas le Somme."

I thought of that, crossing the Somme, which only two years ago was a weight and uneasy because of the might of the French and the fact that we could not swing to the west, and in the distance red and white streaks bisected the sky. I thought of Conny Island in the English Channel, where the legions of the United Press were held in the night, used to stay behind on Saturday night to watch the fire works.

"That's Boulogne," the pilot called through his speaker. "It's got to be," I yelled.

"No, chum," the pilot laughed.

In Great Britain

Cripps Urges Fresh Outlook On High Technical Education

By SCOTT YOUNG

LONDON, May 6.—(CP)—A declaration that brilliant Allied scientists have kept the United Nations ahead of the enemy in the war-vital field of radio and a demand for a revision of British university systems to keep Britain among the leading countries in post-war development have been made by Britain's minister of aircraft production, Sir Stafford Cripps.

"This unconquering statesman, whose swiftness to correct industrial weaknesses with government control has blown several storms in the House of Commons in recent weeks, said the balance of scientific power held by the Allies now "must be kept up in the most difficult circumstances."

Speaking to a convention of university radio teachers, he said that in recent contacts with industry of Great Britain he had been "deeply impressed of the urgent need for a completely fresh outlook on the

bers of radio mechanics trained for the service in technical colleges had "to a large degree" satisfied the demand.

"In no other field has the scientific advance been so rapid during the war as in the sphere of radio," he said.

MANY GAPS REMAIN

But there still are many gaps to be filled in industry and research. To see how much must be done, he said Britain should compare its position with other great countries.

and pointed out that before the war the number of students in British universities was 1,200 of the number in United States universities.

It was not a question of "competitive education," but "if we want to survive in the modern world—whether in the field of industry, transport, agriculture, hygiene or any other—we must produce a far larger volume of university-trained men and women, with varied training suitable in the multiplicity of tasks they will have to undertake."

I STOPPED "DOSING" MY CONSTIPATION AND CORRECTED THE CAUSE!

● In these busy days of war you owe it to your country—as well as to your health—to keep "in the pink." That's why it's so important to avoid the constipation of "dosing" with laxatives instead of "dosing" with health.

● Sir Stafford told how science has to combat the shortage of skilled personnel when the radio boom began, and said large numbers of radio mechanics trained for the service in technical colleges had "to a large degree" satisfied the demand.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every day! It's delicious as a cereal or in hot, luscious muffins. Drink plenty of water. There are no "doses" of laxatives. That's why you don't get ALL-BRAN in the "better way" to natural regularity. But remember, not ALL-BRAN every day!

● Growers have ALL-BRAN in two convenient sizes. Make with Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Shoes and Ships and Sealing-wax.

● Many different things are needed to win the war.

Big things . . . ships, bowtizers, bombers, tanks. Little things . . . screws, rivets, bolts and needles; shoes and sealing-wax.

Unfamiliar things . . . Asdic apparatus, radio locators, gyroscopic compasses. Everyday things . . . food, blankets, bandages, overcoats . . .

All these things are measured in dollars.

Only dollars can ensure that our fighting men get everything they need!

Because dollars are essential to victory, those who do their share by buying Victory Bonds make the job easier for our men overseas . . . make it easier for us to win!

Everybody must lend what they can! Everybody can provide something for victory!

Even \$300.00 in bonds will provide 3 depth charges to sink submarines . . .

Buy 9 Tommy guns for parachute troops, or 9,000 machine-gun bullets . . . Drive a tank 4,500 miles.

If you have money saved, put it into Victory Bonds. If you haven't savings, buy bonds by instalments out of earnings. Do both if you can . . . But do it for certain! And do it NOW!

HOW TO BUY—Give your order to the Victory Loan salesman who calls on you. Or place it in the hands of any branch of any bank, or give it to any trust company. Or send it to your local Victory Loan Headquarters. Or you can authorize your employer to start a regular payroll savings plan for you. Bonds may be bought in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and larger. Salesman, bank, trust company or your local Victory Loan Headquarters will be glad to give you every assistance in making out your order form.



WEAR THIS EMBLEM

Be proud to wear your IV button . . . it says you have done your bit . . . it will inspire others to do theirs.

Back the Attack
MORE
Buy Victory Bonds!

The Bulletin's SPORTS SHOW by Hal Dean

SPORTS EDITOR

WITH the opening of the local baseball season a little more than two weeks away, all four clubs of the city senior league are getting in extra practices these evenings whenever possible. Renfrew Park has been available for some time and other diamonds are also being used.

Aircraft Repair, Arrives, Dodge's and U.S. Army Corps of Engineers are the league and the first game is scheduled for May 23. A total of 18 will be played with Tuesday and Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons the playing times. Thursday will be reserved for exhibition.

Of the three local clubs which made up the league last year, Dodge's would appear to be the best shape so far as "carry-overs" are concerned, for they have seven of the 1921 lineup still intact—Tommy Brant and Ed Lindberg for pitching, Ken Smith as catcher, George Green, Al Superstein and Dick Noon for the outfield, along with Eugene Touge for short.

ARMY OVER SUPPLIED
CHIEF writer for officials of the U.S. Army team so far appears to have been a little over-supplied, but with that to make up for, the team is not too far from being able to make up for it.

At one time, the problem of choosing a lineup was not an insignificant headache, and that about the situation confronting them in charge of the team.

Aircraft Repair Hornets are understood to have Doug Stevenson, catcher, Matt Ottom, first base, Eddie Williams, second, Lefty Belter, pitcher, and Lefty, all from last year's lineup. That looks like a fairly heavy start for the Hornets.

Arrows have been keeping quiet, but they have always come up with a good club in previous seasons and no doubt they'll do the same this year. Phil Wilson, Fred Lupul and Joe Shandro are all available and they also have a fairly good lot of recruits from.

Season Opens May 23

Dodgers Sign 14 Players For Senior Baseball League

FIRST intimation of any of the four clubs in the City Baseball League as to the likely composition of their team, Ralph Morgan and Bud Corcoran, coach and manager respectively of the Dodgers last night announced the signing of 14 players.

Each club will be permitted to carry 20 players on their roster for the season, all of whom must be registered with the league secretary, W. G. (Bill) Harris. The Dodgers officials also stated that they had several additional prospects in sight.

Included in the list already signed up are three Americans, Jim McQuinn, of Syracuse, N.Y., a pitcher, Jim McQuinn, catcher from Minneapolis and Tom Connolly, a shortstop who comes from Kansas City.

Seven of those already under contract were with the team last season. Ken Smith, catcher, George Green, Dick Noon and Al Superstein, outfielders, along with Tommy Brant who pitched and played third, Ed Lindberg, a pitcher and shortstop Lucien Touge.

Other newcomers are Jim Fleming who held down the first base position with Canadians in the junior league last season, Al Nicholson, a pitcher formerly with Tully's Cubs and J. E. Seaman, an outfielder.

Ralph Morgan also included in the 14, although with the Dodgers for several years, finished out his career with Aircraft Repair Hornets after returning in mid-season from Vancouver.

Following is the complete list: Jim McQuinn, Minneapolis, American; Phil Wilson, Kansas City, catcher; Ken Smith, Kansas City, catcher; George Green, St. Bernard, St. Louis, three years.

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Western Champs Take First Game in Basketball Title Series

Victoria Airmen Overcome Vancouver Eastern Club

Win Score 58-48

Eastern Club Ahead Until Final Quarter

VANCOUVER, May 6.—(CP)—Victoria R.C.A.F. (CP) defeated a great fourth-quarter rally to come from behind and beat Windsor (Ont.) Patricks 58-48 here last night in the first game of the Canadian senior men's basketball finals.

Second game of the three-of-five series will be played here Friday.

ACI Norm Baker, left, Victoria forward, led the airmen to victory with a display of characteristic set and a new all-time record for Vancouver floors. Baker scored 15 baskets and seven free shots for 37 points. The previous record was 27 points.

Baker's most productive game in the fourth quarter when he scored 15 of the 19 points he made in those 10 minutes to wipe out a five-point deficit and build up a 10-0 lead.

Other Victoria scorers were LAC Ralph Pay and Ollie Goldsmith with eight each and ACI Brian Stout with five.

Centre Fred Thomas led the Windsor attack with 14 points. Forward Bill Coulthard got 10. Forward Jack Black six and centre Gene Ducher five.

A crowd of about 1,000 fans saw the eastern champions, led until the fourth quarter, 28-25 at half-time, and 32-27 at the end of the third quarter.

Victoria lost two men because of foul shots and Windsor one. Ralph Pay, left, Victoria center, reached his 1,000th point in the first quarter, 28-25 at half-time, and 32-27 at the end of the third quarter.

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Believe It Or Not

THE FISHERMAN'S PRAYER

"GOD GIVE ME GRACE TO CATCH A FISH SO LARGE THAT EVEN I, WHEN SPEAKING OF IT AFTERWARDS, MAY NEVER NEED TO LIE."



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By, Robt. Ripley

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BULLETIN

PAGE SIX THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1943

Women's Hoop Finals

Vancouver Hedlunds Beat Winnipeg 36-17 in Opener

VANCOUVER, May 6.—(CP)—Vancouver Hedlunds trounced Winnipeg Altona 36-17 here last night in the first game of the Canadian senior women's basketball finals.

The second game of the three-of-five series will be played Friday and the third Saturday.

A crowd of 1,000 fans saw Hedlunds sink only one of 13 free throws.

The Altonas showed good hand and foot, but were off in their shooting. Guard Nellie Jones and guard Dorothy Brook were the best.

Winnipeg's attack was throwing six points and Brook five. Guard Belinda Duncan scored four points and forward Gladys Smith three.

The Winnipeg girls were woefully weak in the free shot department, sinking only one of 13 free throws.

Ruth Wilson led the Vancouver girls with 12 points and centre Rita Panask counted nine.

When Max Carey took charge, the Hedlunds yearned for speed, so they off to Cincinnati went Lombardi.

For Caves Herman, the Hedlunds equivalent of bowling on the green.

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Today's Sport Parade

Patty Berg Again Playing Golf Despite Knee Injury

By JACK CUDDY

NEW YORK, May 6.—(BUP)—Patty Berg is back on the fairways again, carrying on like a true champion despite a smashed knee. This freckled, red-haired gal from Minneapolis is limping along the comeback trail, amazing the surgeons who said she would never play golf again after that nearly fatal auto accident in Texas, 17 months ago. She plans to enter the western open at Chicago, June 28-July 3.

Patty, former darling of the galleries who climaxed a youthful, meteoric rise by winning the women's amateur national championship in 1932—is determined to salvage a bit more glory from her accident-hampered career.

Her conduct now, at 25, coupled with her performances in the past upholds the theory that champions are born—not made—and that the mind is vitally important in the progress of human sports champions.

SUFFERED FRACTURED KNEE
PATTY chatted with reporters about her future Tuesday night at her downtown hotel. She is working for sporting goods company, and in this connection came to New York to appear on several radio programs. Patty was unusually—as always—in discussing her injuries. She said she had suffered a compound fracture of the left knee and minor internal injuries. "They kept it in bed more than six months. At first it felt like I might not live—let alone walk."

"But I knew I'd come out of it some way," she said. "I just had to—to play golf."

She said she practices two hours every day now and is getting "pretty good." In a recent exhibition she posted a 78. In practice she seldom uses a caddy because "haggling golf balls is good exercise for my legs." But now and the western open she will give many exhibitions for benefit of Red Cross and service funds.

WON NATIONAL TITLE
The freckled, limping girl in the brown dress is more matured now than in 1932, when she first saw her in the championship at the Coney Brook Club in New Jersey. She didn't win that one, but at 18 she already was such a sensation that she was the "big copy" of the tourney.

She had been runner-up to Gilean Collet Vere in 1934, before, and she had even made headlines with her showing in the Trans-Mississippi at Kansas City in '34.

Long before she won the national title in '38, O. B. Keeler—famous golf writer of the Atlanta Journal—called her, "A Bobby Jones in Skirts." She had the swing, the power, the touch, the concentration and the determination. She was born champion, alright, and still is.

CANADIAN SPORTSHOTS
By CHARLES EDWARDS
TORONTO, May 6.—(CPI)—Thursday wrap-up: Walt Riddell of the Saskatoon Star Phoenix says: Max Bentley, the Belisle, Sask., gift to Chicago hockey, has received his Army call-up. . . . Montreal Royals' new third-baseman, Leighton (Bud) Kinnell, was born at Armad, N.B., 21 years ago but moved to Lowell, Mass., as a youngster. Freddie Thompson, Royals manager, is high on Kinnell's baseball ability. . . . One of all from Royals' standpoint, Kinnell isn't little for army duty because he is color blind and has chronic sinus trouble. . . . Thirty years ago when the Kitchener, Ont., was known as Berlin, the Berlin Rangers won soccer fame in Canada and toured the British Isles. Now the Kitchener baseball club has resurrected that famous name and its team this year will be known as Rangers.

Blessed Delay
Ken (Halifax Herald): Chisholm expresses relief that the National Hockey League has decided to postpone choice of a locale for a hockey hall of fame. He writes: "Halifax, to be truthful, won't be sorry at this decision. Members of the local committee have been searching for weeks through old records and, while a claim equally as strong, maybe stronger, than Kingston's could be advanced now, the local committee has reason to believe there is evidence which will clinch the matter but a considerable amount of further research is necessary."

Music Calls:
Jersey Campbell, versatile snapper with Regina Roughriders in East-West football finale a decade ago, now is an R.C.A.F. corporal stationed in New Brunswick. . . . Fred Metcalfe, who coached Regina Rangers to the Allan Cup in 1941 and later coached New York Rangers, is a corporal in the U.S. Army. . . . Howie Stecker, Stratford Roughriders' junior hockey star the past two seasons, has enlisted in the army at London, Ont. . . . One of the greatest women swimmers in Canada's history, Phyllis Dewar of Moose Jaw, Sask., has joined the Wrens. At the British Empire Games in London, England, in 1934 Phyllis won the 100 and 400 yards free style events and was a member of Canada's two winning relay teams. The same year she won the Canadian one-mile title.

—NOW SHOWING—
"STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE"
—Also—
"Santa Fe Trail"

Sports . . . Roundup

By HUGH FULLERTON, Jr.
NEW YORK, May 6.—(AP)—Every one of the sports writers who participated in a poll conducted by the North Carolina Navy pre-flight school picked football as one of the 10 best sports for physical development. . . . It's rather surprising not to find water polo somewhere on the list. . . . The writers rated track the No. 2 sport with boxing and swimming tied for third.

Birds of a Feather
Jimmy Johnston, reporting on his new lightweight fighter, Ham Wiloby, modestly claims the boy has possibilities of becoming a greater fighter than three great

ROMANCE ACTION! DRAMA!
FILMED IN NATURAL COLOR
TONITE
FRED MACMURRAY
"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE"
Also MARLENE DITTRICH in "THE LADY IS WILLING"

VARSONA
TONITE
It's BIG!
It's Brawling!
"HONKY TONK"
With LANA TURNER

MIT No. 1
GEN. SHIRLEY
OEO. SMITH
"MAYOR OF 44th STREET"

AVENUE
TONITE
TYRONE POWER
"A TANK IN THE R.A.F."
Plus DEAD END KIDS in "TOUGH AS THEY COME"

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You'll Probably Never See Anything Like It Again!!
A FULL LENGTH FEATURE
EVERYONE WILL ENJOY!

The Film Mr. Churchill Sent to Prime Minister King and President Roosevelt

SEE ROMMEL'S AFRICA
CORPS CHASED 1,300
MILES ACROSS LIBYA

"Greatest War Film Ever Produced"—New York News.

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Up to
2 p.m.
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Come In the Afternoon

ACTUALLY FILMED UNDER FIRE!

MEET LIFE AS IT IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER FROM YOU

starring GRETA GYNT

the darling of the London musical comedy stage... in THE COMMON TOUCH

Produced by the Film Units of the British Army and the R.A.F.

See It From the Start

"DESERT VICTORY" 12 noon, 2:41, 5:22, 8:03, 10:41

"COMMON TOUCH" 1:01, 3:42, 6:23 and 9:04

STARTS TODAY

Capitol A FAMOUS PLAYERS THEATRE

"CHAMBER OF HORRORS" "THE DEATH CELL"

DO YOU HEAR ABOUT THE CUTE WHO?

Looked for Love and \$99,000, too!

Yes, we mean the delightful, delightful story of the girl who hopped a fast flyer to Florida with some fast Florida flyers. What! You haven't heard of it? Well, get a load of...

THE PALM BEACH STORY

CLAUDETTE COLBERT — MARY ASTOR — RUDY VALLEE

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Coming Tomorrow — Friday

"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

"MAISIE GETS HER MAN"

CASABLANCA

DREAMLAND

"MRS. MINIVER"

PRINCESS

Give Canadian-Built Catalinas Final O.K.'s

Test Pilots Need World of Skill and Experience

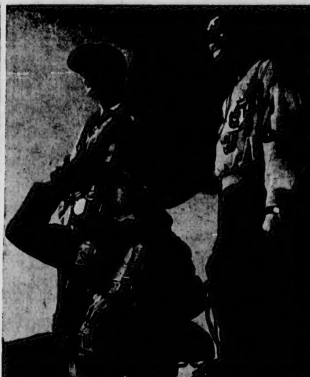
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Every Piece of Equipment Thoroughly Checked at Plant



Behind the happy-go-lucky, rollicking manner of these Boeing Aircraft test pilots stationed at the company's Vancouver plant, lies a world of skill and experience and the highly developed technical knowledge necessary in giving the giant Catalinas their O.K.'s. Pat Howard, chief test pilot for the Canos, traces the route of a test flight, left, while from left to right, studying the map beside him, are Eric Larsen, co-pilot; Dan Driscoll, crew captain and "Lock" Madill, co-pilot. A few minutes later they load up and prepare to take off. Noel Biles, radio technician, hands some of the elaborate equipment and recording instruments used on an important test flight to Norm Simmons in the Canos' blister. "Lock" Madill is scheduled to go along on this junket and he steps, parachute in hand, into the plane. Don't kid yourself into thinking a test pilot necessarily heads straight for home the moment his job is done. There's nothing like hanging around a bit to watch someone else take off. They're Noel Biles, Dan Driscoll, crew captain, and Norm Simmons.

"Happy Are We . . ."



Laughing heartily, Dorothy Lamour, moviedom's sarong queen, is pictured with her husband, Capt. William Ross Howard, U.S.A.A.F., at her wedding reception. After their double-ring marriage in her home, the couple left for San Bernardino, where Capt. Howard reports for duty.

Named Commandant



Colonel Karl R. Mitchell, formerly Officer Commanding the North Nova Scotia Regiment overseas and latterly commanding a Canadian Infantry Reinforcement Unit, who has been raised from the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and appointed Commandant of the Brockville Officers' Training Centre.

Clouds and Convoy



Across a sun swept sea 35 ships of a United Nations convoy carry war aid to an allied battle front.

"Enemy Foiled"



Traditional rivalry forgotten in the emergency of the moment, a pursuit pilot takes over the controls of a B-17 upon the death of the pilot. A spectacular scene from "Air Force," Warner Bros. tribute to the men who fly the airships for Uncle Sam. Included in the cast are: John Garfield, Gig Young, John Ridgely, Harry Carey and George Tobias.

South Sea Idyll



Things are anything but idle in the South Seas right at the moment—and the boys who have been there swear that they found no such beauty in sarongs. Be that as may, lovely Alexis Smith, Warner Bros. star, gives us her—and the photographer's—impression of a South Sea beauty.

Landmark Destroyed



The famous and fashionable Philadelphia Cricket Club, second oldest cricket club in the country, was destroyed when a \$100,000 fire gutted the entire central section of the building, which was a replica of Independence Hall. Valuable trophies, dating back to 1854, were destroyed.

U.S. Air Ace in Tunisia



Having just shot down his ninth and tenth enemy planes, Major Levi R. Chase, 25-year-old lawyer of Cortland, N.Y., became the No. 1 ace of the U.S. Army Air Forces in Tunisia. Major Chase is pictured, above, in the cockpit of his plane.

DARK JUNGLES

By JOHN C. FLEMING AND LOIS EBY

CHAPTER XX

"Lila!" Even as she shouted it, Barry had the feeling it would wake him out of a dream. But the vision remained there in the open door of his bedroom.

Allison's voice sounded at his elbow. "How did you get here?" It was a surprised and confused as his own.

"By plane to Panama City, boat to Puerto Barrios, and train from there," murmured Lila.

The words reached Barry from his train. He swung forward. "You must be half-dead!" As he crossed the room toward his fiancée he had a half-formed belief that she would faint in his arms. She did no such thing. She gave him a smile of greeting, weary but composed, and held up her face for his kiss.

Barry kissed her dazedly, then led her quickly to his one deep chair.

"Have a bed made up, will you, Allison?" he broke off as Lila's eyes followed his toward the blonde girl in chiffon and diamonds still standing in the window. "You and Allison met on the boat the night I sailed," he reminded Lila. "Allison Topping."

"Yes, I remember," said Lila. She nodded at Allison but her voice was cryptic. "So odd," she said, "that you two met again in the jungle."

"You won't let it," said Allison. Barry realized with dismay that the two were right back into the feud they had begun when they met. He caught the glint of feline laughter in Allison's tone as she turned up the lamp.

Lila raised languid arms to remove her sun helmet. Her dark hair was smooth and drawn low over her neck in its usual perfect order. Even in her wearied state while

HOLD EVERYTHING

"You'd better try another spot with that sign, chum!"

LAFF-A-DAY

"What makes you think they saw us coming?"

CURIOUS WORLD

NEAR RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA, MOTORISTS FREQUENTLY ARE SHOCKED TO SEE COWBOYS STANDING NEAR THE HIGHWAY.

LIFE SIZE STATUES OF FIVE TOWNSMEN ARE BUILT IN THE AREA SURROUNDING THE GATEWAY TO THE BLACK HILLS.

"NAME-OF-THE-MONTH"

MISS MAYBEE BREEZE, BONY CREEK, ILL., PENNA.

THE MEDITERRANEAN IS SALTIER THAN THE ATLANTIC.

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her bench and got up. "I want to see Renato," she said harshly. "He'll be down at the cooking vat or around the Indian extension if you want to show her around the clearing later, Barry."

She stamped down the veranda steps like an angry child and crossed the clearing. Renato was not among the Indians working at the boiling kettles. They smiled at her. She was good luck for them. Take her father had been there. She told them she was glad of that, and asked where to find Renato. A steady chatter took her to a distant Indian shack, around which curious natives clustered in whispering groups. Inside, Renato was bending over two Indians, both of them obviously dead.

They looked strange to her. She asked him who they were.

"They came with the mule train that got in late last night," Renato told her. A scowl darkened his face. "That woman who came must be a devil."

"Why?" demanded Allison. "She rode out in a chair. These men carried it on poles. She made them run a good part of the way. They'll get over it—but they ran off about some of their lives."

Allison gasped. "So that's why I'm angry and malice mingled in her eye?"

"Why what?" Allison queried. Barry and Lila were standing in the doorway. There was a strained fear on Lila's face. Allison took a deep, malicious breath.

Barry's gaze had accustomed himself to the gloom of the shack and deemed with concern at the sight of the change in his fiancée. "What's wrong with the poor devil?" he cried.

"Overwork," snapped Allison. "She's as shocked as Barry. She's fainted. She went out of her eyes. They just overworked," she said quietly. She walked out into the blazing sunlight and Renato followed her.

Allison introduced him to Lila. As the tall Spaniard bowed, they all noticed the change in his expression. His accusing scowl melted away in a wistful glow of interest as he turned from Lila to Barry.

Your fiancee... he echoed happily.

(To Be Continued)

Reserve Army Training Camp Is Compulsory

Continued from Page Nine

One unit of the brigade have been each assigned a separate camp period.

The following Edmonton units will attend the first camp: 2nd Field Battery, R.C.A.; 2nd Battalion, Edmonton Fusiliers; 2nd Battalion, Edmonton Regiment; 4th Cavalry, Edmonton Regiment; R.C.A.; 12th Field Hygiene Section, R.C.A.M.C.

The units attending second camp are: 4th Armored Divisional Troop Company, R.C.A.S.; 1st Armored Division Workshop, R.C.C.C.; 2nd Troop Cavalry Signals, R.C.C.S.

NO DISRUPT BUSINESS

While the orders making the summer camp compulsory for all ranks has been issued today, it is not meant to disrupt business. Therefore exemptions from attending camp will be made in certain instances where such attendance would hinder business. The only other grounds on which a soldier may secure leave for compassionate reasons.

If a Reserve Army soldier is a key man in industry or business and he cannot be away from his job without disrupting business, he may apply for permission to be absent from camp.

In this connection the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce has agreed to assist the military authorities in determining which men are essential to their jobs. An advisory committee of five has been set up by the chamber to aid employers to so arrange their business so that members of their staff in the Reserve Army can get away to camp.

The chamber is circulating its members suggesting the utmost co-operation with the military authorities and pointing out that many Edmonton firms have in the past made up the difference in pay of the members of their staff attending the summer camp.

The Chamber also urges that where requests for exemption are necessary the applications for leave be made at the earliest possible moment.

Applications for leave must be made by the soldier, in person, at the unit orders office. This application will be forwarded to 4th Brigade headquarters for consideration and recommendation to the attendance at camp will be recognized unless granted by Brigade.

Getting Around

Continued from Page Nine

destruction of British bombers, and the air raid on England, the advertiser was lavished with detail and vivid with descriptive adjectives.

When he came to the news from North Africa, he suddenly developed a violent case of the gall-bladder. He raced through the account of the day's fighting in Tunisia with the offhand assurance that "Axis troops repulsed several determined attacks by the French and Americans."

As the Berlin is really hard up for propaganda he will "take" the news that the Italian radio is still playing the good old Italian-Polish allegory story.

The Polish government is now just a "ghost" under the cover



"DESERT VICTORY"

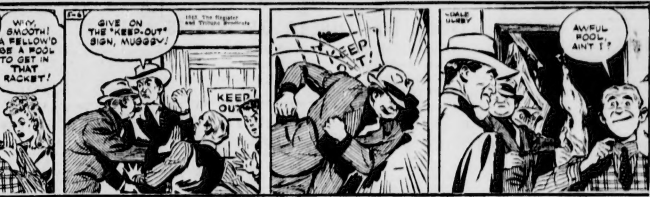
Story of Montgomery's Eighth Army in Action

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Everything for the Family ARMY & NAVY Alaska Outfitters (Reg.)

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69c THRIFTY WASH, 10 lbs. CAPITOL CLEANERS and LAUNDRY CARRY AND SAVE CLEANING. 39c



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